



A  
**PANEGYRICK**  
 ON THE LATE HONOURABLE  
**Sir ROBERT PEAKE Knight,**  
 VICE-PRESIDENT and LEADER of the Honourable  
**ARTILLERY COMPANY.**

**T**His Man of Courage and Heroick worth,  
 And high in Knowledge, sound you *Muses* forth;  
 Sound ye with loudest voice his most *Just Dne's*,  
 Who of Himself was able to infuse  
*Spirit* into the Brain-pan of the *Dullest*  
 To cast by *Prose*, and write in *Verse*, the fullest.

We need not voice his *Service* in the *Warrs*,  
 And brave *Atchivements*, when he earn'd the *Spurs*  
 Of honour'd *Knight-hood*, 'tis enough to speak  
 We sing the *Praises* of Renowned **PEAKE**:  
 For should we trace his *Virtues* thorough all  
 Their courses, from their first *Original*,  
 One *Sheet* would never hold them; for the *Theam*  
 Would be so large, as to demand a *Ream*.

His *Care* he shew'd at *Basing-House* was such  
 That after *Ages* cannot *Praise* too much:  
 And his *true zeal* to Our deceased **KING**,  
 Doth an *example* unexampled bring.

These were the *Steps* by which He first did rise,  
 To be observed by all *Virtuous eyes*;  
 And by degrees of *Fortune* did begin  
 To place him in the *Sphere* he late was in:  
 As *Leader* and *Vice-President* to be  
 O'th *Company* of the *Artillerie*  
 Under the *Mighty Duke* of **YORK**, whose *Grace*  
 Chose him his *Second* in so great a *Place*.

Of all *Applauded*, and *Belov'd* of those  
 Whose *Fate* it was to be his greatest *Foes*:

The *Tongue* most fault'ring, and the *Eye* most dim,  
 Did *speak* and *find* all *Loyalty* in Him.  
 Nor of his *Praises* is't the least, that He  
 So careful was to keep such *Unitie*  
 Amongst his *Armed Numbers*, that no *Noyse*  
 Was heard amongst them, to alarm their *Joyes*:  
*Silence* and *Peace* did shew that 'tis not *Farrs*,  
 But *Order* makes men *Conquerours* in *Warrs*.

But above all, and this alone was it  
 Which in his *Place* spoke him so *exquisit*,  
 His wise *Conduct*; And then his *all*, not *part*  
 Of *Knowledge* in the *Military Art*,  
 Made all great *Chiefs* their worth in Him to see,  
 And *Mars* himself in Noble **PEAKE** to be.

These great *perfections*, and by all desir'd,  
 Made him by all to be so much admir'd,  
 That no *detractiō* from th' *impurer* sort  
 Shall ere *controle* or *silence* this *report*:  
 But *Fame* shall make his *Praises* be enroll'd,  
 Not in *loose papers*, but bright *leaves* of *Gold*.  
 For *Truth* reports, that whatsoere is due  
 To *Prowess*, *Skill*, or to stout *Mars* his *Crew*,  
 Was found in Him beyond all parallel;  
 And *Fame* doth know, his *Knowledge* did excell.

All that the *Arts* could promise, or th' *Alarms*  
 Of *Drums* and *Trompets*, and the *Feats* of *Arms*;  
 All that deep *Knowledge*, or *Fel force* could try,  
 Are buried now; and in his *Grave* do lye.